Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue muſicke? Harke Apollo playes, *Muſicke*
And twentie caged Nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleepe? We'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we will beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trap'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with Gold and Pearle.
Doſt thou loue hawking? Thou haſt hawkes will ſoare
Aboue the Morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy bounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy gray-hounds are as ſwift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.

2 *M.* Doſt thou loue pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraite
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde.

Lord. We'l ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhal ſweare ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And til the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like enuious floods ore-run her louely face,
She was the fa.reſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord and haue I ſuch a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleepe: I ſee, I heare, I ſpeake:
I ſmel ſweet ſauors, and I feele ſoft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,

And not a Tinker, nor Chriſtop
Well, bring our ladie hither to
And once againe a pot o'th ſm
2. *Man.* Wilt pleaſe your
Oh how we ioy to ſee your wit
Oh that once more you knew
Theſe fifteene yeeres you haue
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd
Beg. Theſe fifteene yeeres,
But did I neuer ſpeake of all t
1 *Man.* Oh yes my Lord,
For though you lay heere in th
Yet would you ſay ye weare b
And raile vpon the Hoſteſſe o
And ſay you would preſent her
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-iug
Sometimes you would call ou
Beg. I, the womans maid
3. *Man* Why ſir you know
Nor no ſuch men as you haue
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *Iohn*
And *Peter Turph* and *Henry*
And twentie more ſuch name
Which neuer were, nor no ma
Beg. Now Lord be thanked

Enter Ladie with

Beg. I thanke thee, thou ſh
Lady How fares my noble
Beg. Marrie I fare well, for
Where is my wife?
La. Heere noble Lord, wh
Beg. Are you my wife and
My men ſhould call mee Lord
La. My husband and my L
wife in all obedi nce.
Beg. I know it well, what
rd. Madam.
g. Alce Madam, or *Ioa*